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VOLUME XLVI.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1900.

NUMBER 57.

We Are Proud

OUR BARGAINS

UP-TO-DATE GOODS.

We can suit you in new and beautiful selections of

Watches,
Clocks,
Jewelry,
Silverware, Etc.

Our stock is well assorted and comprises the most desirable merchandise we have ever offered. All that is newest and best awaits your inspection. The prices on all our goods are extremely low.

DAVIS BROS.,

Jewelers.

Bellefontaine,
Nov. 28, 1899.

your scalp itchy?
Does your hair fall out?
Are you troubled with Dandruff?
Is your hair gray or faded?
If so, don't wait but buy a bottle of Milroy's Hair Renewer and Dandruff Cure. Cure guaranteed.
It makes your hair grow.
It is infallible, it has never failed to cure.

Sold by Druggists.

Your Druggist Cannot Supply You
Send \$1.00 or 50c. to

John K. Milroy,
Sole Mfr., Cor. Court and Main Sts.
Bellefontaine, O.

Sold by Frank Butler, Bellefontaine,
Foster Bros., West Liberty,
Dr. Stokes, Rushsylvania,
December 12, 1899-ly.

AM NOW AT THE OAK

AND HAVE A FIRST-CLASS

Restaurant

Curtis Old Stand.

Tom J. Hellings.

Dec. 12, 1899.

Doll & Oder

For the Favorite Stoves and Ranges,
Gas Stoves, Hot Air Furnaces, Tinware,
Tin, Slate and Steel Roofing. Also
Plumbing, Gas, Steam and Hot Water
Fitting. We also do all kinds of Tin,
Steel and Sheet Iron from

ROOFING.

All work guaranteed.
720 SOUTH MAIN ST., BELLEFONTAINE
Dec. 12, 1899.

Announcement

Extraordinary!

I am pleased to state to the people of
Logan county that I am

Prepared to Make Loans of

LOCAL MONEY

At Six Per Ct. Interest

—AND—

Of Foreign Money

At Five Per Ct. Interest,

Making the ultimate cost to borrower
for interest and commission

Lower Than Was Ever Before

Offered to the American

Farmer.

Frank S. DeFrees,

Law Office, Rooms 1 and 2, New National Bank
Building,
October 11, 1899.

KELLER & DOWELL

SUCCESSORS TO ARMSTRONG, KELLER & CO.

Dealer in

Grain Seeds

Wool, Salt,

CEMENTS,

CALCINED PLASTER

and all the best grades of

SOFT and HARD Coal.

PHONE 51.

Warehouse and Office.
220 West Columbus Ave., Bellefontaine, O.
August 25, 1899.

Public Auctioneer

Public Sales of all kinds cried

At Reasonable Rates,

and satisfaction guaranteed. Every
effort will be made to make all
sales a success, and prompt atten-
tion will be given to all correspondence
and to all business entrusted me.

E. B. Norviel,

March 20, 1900. Middleburg, O.

TREMAIN'S
INSURANCE AGENCY

—INSURES AGAINST—

Fire, Lightning, Wind Storms,

Cyclones.

Office Rooms 1 & 2 Empire Block,
June 12, 1900-ly.

HARRY S. KERR ARTHUR R. KERR

KERR BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN

Grain, Seeds, Wool.

COAL,

Salt, Etc.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR

GRAIN, SEEDS

—AND—

WOOL.

ALL THE BEST GRADES OF

Soft and Hard Coal,

"Quaker Salt,"—The Best.

TELEPHONE 48. July 26, '99.

Money to Loan.

MONEY AT 5 PER CENT.

With privilege of partial payments annually.

WEST & WEST.

April 28, 1899-ly.

"Give Him an Inch,
He'll Take an Ell."

Let the smallest microbe gain lodgment
in your body and your whole system will
be diseased. The microbe is microscopic.
But the germs become inches and then ell
of pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla destroys the
microbe, prevents the pain, purifies the
blood and effects a permanent cure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Children's
Eyes.

We make a specialty of examining and fitting

Children's Eyes

—WITH—

GLASSES.

Two Years and Six Months Old.

SUMMERFIELD, O., Aug. 15, 1899.

I wish to state that when my little boy was
two years and six months old, we found that
his little eyes were in a bad condition. We
had his eyes examined and fitted with glasses
by Dr. W. R. Spittle and to our delight found
that they were just what he needed, and now
his eyes are entirely well and much stronger.
Dr. Spittle also fitted my own eyes with glasses
since then which have given perfect satisfaction.
Mrs. RUTH E. OSBORNE.

DR. SPITTLE is located permanently
with C. A. Miller, Bellefontaine, O. All ex-
aminations and consultations free. Satisfaction
guaranteed.

C. A. MILLER,

Bellefontaine, Cor. Main and Chillicothe.

Oct. 21, 1899.

Tremain's Insurance Agency

OFFICE 1 & 2 EMPIRE BLOCK,
No. 1254 South Main street, Bellefontaine,
Insures against Loss or Damage by

Fire, Lightning, Tornadoes

and Wind Storms.

None but old reliable companies in his
city, which has been established for 10
years.

W. C. Tremain, Agent.

April 20, 1899-ly.

1899. 1900.

COLTON BROS.

MILLERS;

We Began Making

PEERLESS FLOUR

In Bellefontaine in 1869. We
are still making it.

It is the Kind of Flour

THAT MAKES GOOD BREAD.

The Kind of Bread You Like.

All Grocers Sell it.

Bread Makers Like it.

It is the Standard of Excellence.

We always want to Buy Wheat.

We always Want to Sell Mill Feed.

Hides and Tallow

Highest Cash Price

Paid by

O. M. Newell,

Corner Court and Opera Streets,
Bellefontaine.

Bring Your Goods and Get the Cash.
Dec. 8, 1899.

FOR SALE!

An Excellent Garden Site.

20 Acres of first-class land 3 1/2 miles south-
east of the Court House, on a well watered road.
Suitable for gardening, well watered, good
part brick and frame house, two good wells,
cisterns, big barn, plenty of good fruit, gravel
and sand pits.

Also a good building lot on East Patterson
avenue, already graded, opposite Dr. Fuller's
late residence. Apply 206 East Spring Ave.

Edw. Bourion,

Jan. 30, 1900-3 mos.

MALCOM KIRK.

A Tale of Moral Heroism
in Overcoming the World.

By CHARLES M. SHELTON,
Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip
Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

(Copyright, 1900, by the Advance Publishing Co.)

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

A MOMENT OF DOUBT.

Malcom read the four letters through one
after the other without a word of comment.
Only Dorothy, watching him, noted the expressions on his face.
When he finished the letter from the Boston
magazine, he looked up.

"Well," said Dorothy slowly, as if
Malcom had asked a question.

"It's a great offer," said Malcom. He
was evidently very much moved by it. And
he rose and walked up and down. Finally he
stopped near the door.

"I shall have to go out doors and
walk off the excitement," he said, looking
at Dorothy, with a faint smile. She was
familiar with that habit. Malcom had often
done that when tired of the cramped quarters
of his little study in the parsonage.

He walked to the table, took up his
hat and went to the door. He opened it and
then turned back to Dorothy, who sat with
her elbow on the table and her chin in her
hand looking at him.

"Will you go with me, dear?" Mal-
com asked quietly.

She rose without a word and, putting
on her hat and cloak, went out with him.
They walked out of the yard, and then, after a
moment of hesitation, they turned and went
down the narrow board sidewalk toward the
main street of the town.

It was almost 11 o'clock. Nearly
all the stores were closed, but every saloon
was wide open. As they went by one of the
largest on the first business corner they
saw a man who had been in the door recog-
nized Kirk and touched his hat, saying very
respectfully as they did so, "Good evening, Mr.
Kirk."

"Good evening, gentlemen," replied
Malcom, touching his hat. He passed on with
Dorothy, but with all the inward conflict
which was going on in his mind, he turned
back to look at the man who had said "Good
evening, Mr. Kirk."

And it was true, because they knew
in their hearts that Malcom Kirk loved
them, and that, with all the inward conflict
which was going on in his mind, he turned
back to look at the man who had said "Good
evening, Mr. Kirk."

As they went past one of the dance-
houses they could hear the jingle of spurs on
boots, the wild laughter of the women and
the clink of glasses at the bar.

Dorothy shuddered and drew up closer
to Malcom. To both of them it is probable
that there was borne in upon them the lost
abandoned life that always goes with the
liquor trade, the desperate, lawless character
of young men who were so clearly in the
large part of the social life of the town. What
a relief it would be to get away from it all,
back to the culture and refinement of books
and companionship people and the life of free-
dom from moral struggle for the life of others
that awaited them in the New England home
that might be theirs for the taking!

They had walked through the street
and were out on the prairie road before either
of them said a word.

Then Malcom said, while he pressed
Dorothy close to his own side, "What do you
think of this?"

"What do you think I had better do?"
She was not prepared to have him ask a
question, and she was not ready with an answer.

"What would you do in my place?" he
asked after waiting for her to answer his first question. "I don't know," she
said almost tearfully.

He bent his head and in the starlight
saw her face moved with unusual excitement.

"It is true," he began to talk to him-
self, "it is true, as he says in these days,
I could certainly do as much good that way as
any. I feel as if I could use my pen for the
good of humanity."

"Yes," Dorothy cried eagerly.
She spoke as if Malcom's words had been a
great relief to her. Then she went on almost
passionately:

"What can you do here, Malcom? You
can slave yourself to death out here with this
little church and never accomplish much. You
cannot do the church work and the writing too.
You will break down under it. How can you
ever build again, with the hard times and so
many families moving away and winter com-
ing on? And your salary, little as it is, so cruelly
delayed, it is a humiliation to keep on this
narrow, pinched life, with no companionship
to speak of, no money to buy new books, with
a dead life on a poor struggling church that
will wear your life out before you have reached
your prime. I don't mind for myself, Malcom,
you know, it was for better, for worse, for
richer, for poorer, but it seems to me your life
will be simply thrown away if you remain out
here. Such an offer as this will not come to
you again probably. If I were you—"

She stopped, and Malcom eagerly
waited for her to say more.

"If I were you," Dorothy went on
strongly, "I would answer the letter at once
and accept the offer. I want to see you suc-
ceed in life. I want to have the world know
your strength as I do."

He made no reply, and they walked
a little farther. Then Malcom spoke as if
again reasoning with himself.

"I certainly could do as much good
that way as any."

He was silent again. They had
reached a place where the road branched
off to "The Forks." They turned and went
back toward the town. When they reached the
first houses, they took the street which led
past the ruins of the church and parsonage.
They seemed to do this without saying to each
other that they would. Their walk
back had been in silence.

When they reached the corner where
the church and parsonage had stood, they
stopped and looked at the ruins.

These were mournful, as such ruins
always are. The foundation line of the church
building looked pitifully small to Malcom as he thought of the little
congregations that had so often met there for
worship or the prayer service. And still he
could not even there, as he viewed what seemed like
a failure in life, he could not shut out of his
sight the picture of Dorothy and himself as they
had gone into the church that first night of
their arrival in Conrad three years before and
had there made together their solemn promise to
redeem the lost of Conrad.

Were they about to break that promise
because difficulties had come into the way? Was
it possible that they were going to declare them-
selves beaten in the attempt to overcome? Were
they about to choose the easy, comfortable
physical life and shun the agony of the spiri-
tual conflict with evil forces? Were they about
to run away from duty as cowards? Was it
duty to remain in Conrad? How about his duty
to the temperance conflict?

Never in all his life had Malcom
Kirk seen such a sight. Barton knew him as he
came in, and he spoke his name. Then he began
to curse in the most awful manner. The lower
part of his body was paralyzed, and his arms
moved incessantly, and his head rolled back
and forth on the bed while he called on all hell
to blast every living creature on earth.

Malcom put Mrs. Barton out of the
room and shut the door. Then for three hours
he spent the most trying period he had ever known
by the side of a suffering and sinful human being.
At the end of that time Barton lay quiet, and
Malcom was weak and trembling, wet with perspiration
and unweary as if he had been facing some great
peril. The doctor came just as Malcom went to
tell Mrs. Barton that Philip was sleeping. She
had not been able to find any physician when
she had gone in that morning and had left word
for one to come out.

"What is going to become of my
boy, Mr. Kirk?" Mrs. Barton asked as he was
getting into the doctor's buggy to go back with
him.

Malcom had not the heart to say
anything at first. In his soul a profound horror
and a divine indignation against the saloon
greater than he had ever known had risen.

At last he said: "Mrs. Barton, I hope
to live to see the day when your boy will not
be near this temptation. The saloon and all it
represents is an enemy of mankind. We will
not cease to work and pray and suffer until the
curse of this removed from our life as a state."

For the time he was going away
he was going away.

"Promise me, Mr. Kirk, that you will
do what you can for Phil. There's no one living
he thinks so much of. You saved his life. Save
his soul too. Don't give him up, will you, Mr.
Kirk?"

Malcom trembled. How could he tell
this wretched, heartbroken woman, living in that
desolate, ruined home, that he had already made
his plan to leave Conrad. She clung to him as
the largest and only hope for her boy that she
knew. What could he say to her?

The doctor, who had been listening
sympathetically, but in silence, had gathered up
his reins, and the horses impatiently made a
movement to start, and still Malcom Kirk said nothing.

"I know you won't give him up, Mr.
Kirk. If you don't save him, no one else will.
Don't you think he's worth saving?"

She stood by the buggy and laid her
thin, worn hand on Malcom's arm. As he looked
at it he thought of some old verses he had
read, while in the seminary about a mother's
hand.

Not all the ladies in all the lands,
With riches and titles and name,
Could boast of such beautiful, shapely hands
As one that I could name.

Her hands were without a jewel ring,
And the fingers were thin and old,
But I'll never forget her as she lay,
More precious than solid gold.

My mother has passed this earth away,
To the land where death cannot part,
But I'll never forget her as she lay,
Hands clasped in prayer for me.

They were old verses that some one
had translated hastily from a German text,
but Malcom remembered them, and they came
to him vividly just now.

"Of course I believe he is worth sav-
ing," said Malcom.

Mrs. Barton looked up to him again
appealingly.

"You won't give him up, will you?"

"No; I won't give him up," replied
Malcom, but he hardly seemed to realize what
the words meant. Was he not planning to go
away from all this burden-bearing? Had he not
already written the letter accepting the place where
he would be free to use his pen without this
constant struggle to help the lives of others in
this personal contact with them?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Here is a paragraph from an editorial in
the Independent:

"Some boys ought not to go to college. It is of
little use to give a thousand-dollar boy a
ten-dollar boy who can't do more than to
contribute to raise sense enough when a great
chance opens to him, to take advantage of it; who
is too weak or lazy to do work which college im-
plies."

Here again was this appeal for help
coming at a time when it seemed to him as if
the burden he was carrying was too great for him.

He looked up at Mrs. Barton.

"Why, certainly, I'll go right out
with you," he said, every instinct of helpfulness
in him rising and going out toward the cry for
help.

Just then Carver came walking by.
Kirk had the letter he was going to post in his
hand.

"Say, Carver, will you mail this letter
for me as you go by the office?" Malcom asked,
and Carver eagerly took the letter, more than
willing to do Mr. Kirk a favor.

Malcom at once got up into the wagon
with Mrs. Barton, and they drove out of town
rapidly.

Carver stood watching them a moment, then
he turned and went on down the street. At the
first saloon he hesitated, but finally went in.
Before noon he had gone into three or four
different saloons that lay between him and the
postoffice, and the letter remained in his pocket
forgotten.

On their way to "The Forks" Mal-
com learned from Mrs. Barton that while Philip
was on his back, unable to leave his bed, one of
the farmer boys living on the next ranch had
brought out several bottles of whiskey and
smuggled them into the house. The result was
that young Barton was having delirium tremens
while in the terrible condition caused by his
debauch at the time of the great fire. His mother
had spent a fearful night with him, and at last,
desperate and heartbroken, dry eyed, and weeping
her blood away within, she had come into town
to town for Kirk.

"It is all of the devil, this drink busi-
ness!" groaned Malcom as he went into the house
and into the room where Phil Barton lay.

Never in all his life had Malcom
Kirk seen such a sight. Barton knew him as he
came in, and he spoke his name. Then he began
to curse in the most awful manner. The lower
part of his body was paralyzed, and his arms
moved incessantly, and his head rolled back
and forth on the bed while he called on all hell
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